

The Saturday News

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Note and Comment

Is Laurier to lose Quebec because of his naval policy? The result in Drummond and Arthabaska on Thursday indicates that this is a decided possibility. The constituency has long been a Liberal one, giving the late member a majority of over eight hundred at the general election, and now Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk elect their candidate by about two hundred. The sole issue was that of the navy. The opponents of the government painted in the most lurid colors the evils which must arise from Canada's being drawn into the support of Britain in her wars. Pictures were drawn of peaceful homes being broken up by the drafting of young men to the uttermost parts of the earth to settle quarrels in which Canadians were not interested. The viewpoint of Messrs. Bourassa and Monk is thoroughly familiar to all who have followed the discussion that has taken place since the proposal to establish a navy was first mooted.

That in adopting it they acted as good politicians, so far as Quebec was concerned, seems perfectly clear from this week's result. But what of the effect in the rest of the Dominion? Is Laurier to be beaten in Quebec because under his policy Canada goes too far in accepting responsibilities as a part of the Empire, while outside of Quebec the people are to be called upon to defeat him because he hasn't moved far enough in the direction indicated? Mr. Monk and Mr. Borden in the debate in the Commons stood at the opposite poles on the naval issue. Will the latter now accept the fruits of the former's agitation? In other words, will the now member for Drummond and Arthabaska be numbered as one of Mr. Borden's followers when the House meets? If he is, a condition of things arises which augurs ill for the future political well-being of the Dominion. Concerted opposition to the government will have ceased. The Conservative party will cease to be a national organization, those composing it adopting what policy they like according to the province in which they are operating.

Guerrilla warfare of this character may bring about the defeat of the administration. But how can the elements that effect that result form a government to succeed it? How could Mr. Borden and Mr. Monk as members of the same cabinet agree on a naval policy?

The situation produced by this most significant bye-election will subject the Conservative leader to the greatest test of his career. Will he denounce Mr. Monk and all his works, as the Ottawa Journal and others of the best class of Conservative papers are calling on him to do? If he does, he will be putting aside a temporary advantage for the sake of keeping his party within the national lines, along which in the days of its greatest strength it was conducted. If he does not, he will be paving the way to political anarchy. The victory is not one that anyone, outside of those directly responsible for it, can afford to gloat over. On those who best realize its consequences, it should have a decidedly sobering effect.

Mr. Trenholme Dickson of McLeod addresses a letter to the newspapers in which he sets forth the objections to the project of establishing a university at Calgary. He writes as a southern man, who believes that the provincial university should have been located in that city. But a decision on this point having been made, he holds that it is absolutely necessary for all within the province to rally to the support of the institution that is being established with their money.

"The partition of the young men of the province" writes Mr. Dickson, "between the two universities will damage the work of both. A division of the fund of university interest and energy in the province will militate against the efficiency of both. It will put both universities behind in the race with other universities. An institution is not a university just because it is called a university, even if it has legislative authority to grant degrees. A mere handful of students will not make a great university, no matter how much money be spent on its establishment. The result will be that not only will the two universities not attract students from other provinces, but our men will be attracted by the superior reputation and prestige of universities outside

'his province.'

Mr. Dickson's argument is unanswerable and it is to be sincerely hoped that good sense will prevail in the matter.

The Saturday News has had frequent occasion to quote Mr. J. W. Foley's verses. The following in the last issue of the Saturday Evening Post must make an especial appeal to all who have seen the phenomenal changes which recent years have brought about in property values in different western cities:

Jem Willets was here when th' land was all slough
Where th' depot is now an' th' railroad runs through;
He owned a hull forty o' townsite, by gum,
An' let it all go fer th' taxes, I vum!
He could have bought Perkins' Addition I guess,
Fer twenty-five dollars, an' mebbe fer less;
An' he was once offered th' hull block of land
Fer a span o' gray mules, where th' court-house'll stand!

Jem Willets says somehow it's always his fate
To be too durn early or else be too late;
Th' steam cars stop now on th' way goin' through
Where he used t' cut hay 'fore they drained out th' slough.

Jem Willets says nobody'd ever have thought
A depot'd be built on so durn wet a spot;

The death occurred the other day at Lethbridge, from a shooting accident, of Frank Austin, one of the most widely-known young men in Southern Alberta. As a horseman he and his brothers had probably no equals in the West, and visitors to Cardston who had the good fortune to witness their wonderful broncho-busting exhibitions are not likely soon to forget them.

A Protestant clergyman, in the course of a address at Toronto the other day, referred to Roman Catholic belief as "the worship of the Cracker." From all sides has come criticism of the flippant remark. Every person's religious views are entitled to respect and it is a man with a small soul who speaks in contempt of convictions different from his own, however great this difference may be. The reference to the "cracker" is the occasion of an editorial article in the Woodstock Sentinel-Review a newspaper which is in the habit of discussing these problems with an intelligence and a freedom which is seldom found in the Canadian press. The Sentinel-Review calls attention to a striking passage in Macaulay's essay on Von Ranke's History of the Popes, in which he points out that when a man like Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, we cannot but feel some doubt whether the doctrine may not triumph eventually over all opposition. Sir Thomas More, he points out, was a man of eminent talents. He had all the

The Roman Catholic Church, he points out in the essay already quoted from "saw he commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Some criticism has been heard of the horse-play that has been indulged in by the students of the University of Alberta in connection with the initiation of freshmen. It was comparatively mild in character, but the hope has been generally expressed that there would be no importation whatever of these methods from eastern universities. In the first place one does not look for those in pursuit of a higher education to resort to forms of amusement which in others would be regarded mere rowdiness or close to it. The old French saying that "Noblesse oblige" ("rank has its obligations") has strict application here. As an illustration of what are known in the beginning as "student pranks" may develop into, the following despatch from Guelph, Ontario, may be cited:

"The Ontario Agricultural College boys had a wild time on Halloween. They placed the consolidated school vans across the street car tracks, after having held a car up and then greased the rails, delaying cars for over an hour. Proceeding to the city they endeavored to paint the statue in St. George's Square. They were repulsed by Parks Foreman Nichols and a special officer and five of them were escorted to the cells. On their return to the college they smashed a van and cut street car motor ropes, then piled all the rigs they could find in front of the Macdonald girls' residences. Scouring a steer they placed it in the college postoffice and locked it in and the postoffice yesterday morning was in a very dilapidated condition. President Creelman is in Toronto today to interview the department, it is understood, as to what steps to take in the matter."

The effect of incidents like this on the cause of education should be apparent to everyone.

A blue-book issued by the Commissioners of Customs and Excise is a history in figures of the changing social life of Great Britain in the last ten years. This is the tea and cocoa age. More than a third less alcohol, especially whiskey, is drunk. Less coffee, more tea and cocoa, more tobacco, more candy, more dogs, more men-servants (due to the chauffeur), more pawnbrokers, fewer armorial bearings, are some of the curious facts brought out in the report.

The figures of consumption per head of the population compare between 1900 and 1909 as follows:

	1900	1901	Consumption, per cent. in
Beer, gals	25.8	31.5	18 per cent.
Spirits, bals	0.58	1.10	50 per cent.
Wine, gals	0.25	0.37	33 per cent.
Tea, lb	6.29	6.16	* 2 per cent.
Cocoa, lb	1.44	1.22	* 18 per cent.
Coffee, lb	0.84	0.98	14 per cent.
Tobacco, lb	1.94	1.89	* 2.7 per cent.

Sir William Grantham on returning to England from a trip through Canada, delivered a speech in which he made this statement:

"The message they sent through me to England was this: 'Why should your statesmen refuse to help us and refuse to acknowledge us as your offspring for the sake of a shadow—for the sake of a name, the name of Free Trade—for you have not got the substance now? You are risking your own future and ours. Why not treat other nations as they treat you?'"

Canadians must object most emphatically to such a misrepresentation of their attitude. They are in no way supplicants for a preference and their loyalty is not so poor a thing as to be dependent on the granting of this. If Britain wants to grant a preference, we are prepared to meet it by an extension of that which we have already in force. But the motherland must make its decision in the matter purely with its own interests in view.

The Lords as an Issue in British Politics



An' he let it go for a song, an' I vow
She's wuth nigh a thousand an' acre right now!

Jem Willets, he says, where th' school board has bought

Was offered t' him fer two dollars a lot,
An' sold fer two thousand th' week before last,
Which runs inter profit, Jem says, purty fast.
Ef he'd only known what th' future'd bring
He'd be wuth a million this minute, by jing!
'Cuz land sells today fer a thousand a lot
That might 'a' been Jem's as easy as not!

"Who'd ever 'a' thought," says Jem Willets t' me,
"They'd be sech a town where us land used t' be!"
It makes him disgusted when he sees a bank
Where he used t' fill up his old water-tank.
It us goes t' show that there ain't nothin' fair
About life at all, an' th' feller that's square,
An' don't want it all, he jist stays where he is,
Where schemers git money that orter be his!

information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any man being will have, "This is my body," was in his New Testament as it is in ours. The absurdity of the literal translation was as obvious in the sixteenth century as it is now. No progress that science has made or will make can add to the arguments against the real presence. But Sir Thomas More accepted the doctrine, and was ready to give his life for it. And Sir Thomas More is one of the choice specimens of human wisdom and virtue, and the doctrine of transubstantiation is a kind of proof charge. A faith which stands that test will stand any test." "We are, therefore, unable to understand," says Macaulay, "why what Sir Thomas More believed respecting transubstantiation may not be believed to the end of time by men equal in abilities and honesty to Sir Thomas More."

There were those, too, in Macaulay's day who professed to be able to see signs of the downfall of Rome; but the great historian was not one of them.



OUT OF REACH

Pour, rain!
You cannot get into my heart
Or put out the fire of my soul;
I am safe in a beautiful realm apart
Where the angels of light patrol!
Pour, rain!
You are good, I am told, for the
flowers and the grain,
But you beat at the door of my
heart in vain.

Blow, wind!
The trees you can buffet and break.
You can trouble the waves of the
sea,
You can scatter the petals of many
a flower,
But you cannot terrify me!

Blow, wind!
For the country of "Peace and a
Quiet Mind"
Is a part of the world you can
never find!

THE WONDER SHOP

And of course everybody wondered
who and what I was driving at in the
display I set out for you in last week's
Wonder Shop window. Who was the
lady in black? Whose house was re-
ferred to?

La, la, la! as if I should be telling
you! Why the day I started furnishing
keys to the riddles I was as well
selling my Swan Song, and pack for
other parts.

Of course there were a lot of clever
folk who "guessed right" the very
first time. Rather, so they informed
me. But then, in a world as large as
ours, one always must reckon on their
much-discerning people—who are
happy—and know nothing.

There were a good many who peeped
into the mirror this week.

Not many to look at "Cranford"—
worse taste they—but to see if any
explanatory tickets hung to the
figures and articles in "The Wonder
Shop" Window. Oh, you human
children! When I give you a bit of
the best of me; when I write you of

the things that are nearest my heart,
you pass the Looking-Glass with your
heads in the air—And when I just
gossip with you, a hint at scandal, a
dissection of a hat, a word of Her, a
query as to Him—well, Children
Mine, you look long and earnestly to
catch the reflections. Tell me, will
you, when we are grown older to-
gether, will you perhaps be more in ear-
nest with me?

'Tis weeks' wonders are not to be
compared to what will be in our next
column, because in the coming week,
between the Opening, the gossip that
will naturally attend the making pub-
lic of the report of the Royal Com-
mission, the shakings-up and shak-
ings down that will be in progress—
as you may readily see, everybody
will be donning their wonder-caps and
setting to with a will. 'Everybody
though is wondering even now, what
Haberdasher ever persuaded Him to
buy "that velvet hat," and how Her
milliner or her looking-glass, could
trick her into wearing what is so ob-
viously meant for a bake-dish.

They are wondering if a few of the
rats aren't deserting the ship too early
in the game.

They are wondering how many
buffalo he expects to "bag" or at least
"pot."

They are wondering if His mauve
socks and tie, are second mourning
for discarded loves, or only a semi-
demi force of repentance for his sins.

They wonder who is on the revised
Retail Merchants' list, and if "some
friend" has put "over" name on.

She wonders why there are so few
doors on the rooms of Edmonton
houses, as opposed to the appalling
array of great arch-ways and open
spaces, that make for a chilly and
naked sensation these bleak Novem-
ber days.

He is wondering how Society would
take it, and who would stand sponsor
for her.

They are wondering who the female

detective is, and what she gets for
laying bare the family skeletons.
Everybody wonders whether she
takes Cleopatra or Salome for her
model.

Some wretch wonders if half as
much of a coiffure wouldn't answer
the bill or whether she considers half
a dozen rats an absolute necessity.
They are wondering if he means
business or whether it's the same old
story.

They wonder if one heirloom can
make up for such an eternally com-
monplace individual.

Everybody is wondering who she
intends foisting on the public next,
her last contribution being considered
the limit.

Everybody wonders if a little
French is not a dangerous thing.

They are wondering whether he
raised his English accent.

They are wondering if they haven't
heard that ancient chestnut about the
moving of the Post Office,—oh, cen-
turies ago.

They are wondering why they don't
formally announce "it."

Everybody wonders if the deal goes
rough what they will do with the
money.

They are wondering how long it
will be a League, having doubtless in
mind the fate of kindred organizations
in the past.

Everybody wonders who is going
to belong to "it."

Everybody wonders how soon
everybody else is going to pay their
accounts.

He sadly wonders who's kissing her
now.

Some cruel folk wonder if "the
baby" shouldn't be retired as a subject
of conversation at tea-parties.

Some people who were wondering,
are now satisfied. It's perfectly cor-
rect.

They wonder if there won't be a
pretty round between Premier Sifton
and Richard Bedford Bennett on the
speech from the Throne.

Lastly, if we shall ever discover any-
thing in the heavens above, or the
earth beneath, or in the waters under
the earth, that she didn't have better
and bigger "at home."

Shortly, a very entertaining and in-
structive book is to be brought out
in New York, entitled "The Passing
of the Idle Rich," Frederick Town-
send Martin, brother-in-law of Mrs.
Bradley Martin, the well-known socie-

ty queen of New York, being, the
author.

Mr. Martin has had exceptional op-
portunities for observing Society, and
Snobs Up and Down Stairs, at very
close range. Both in England and
the United States his family status has
opened every door to him.

Snobs, he concludes, "exist Above
and Below Stairs—in every walk of
life."

"Keeping up the position," Mr.
Martin goes on to explain, "makes
snobbery. King Edward realized it.
While he was dining with Lady Paget
at one time, speaking of some Ameri-
can put on my evening suit, and has
himself, he smiled, and said: 'Ah,
Lady Paget, it is not getting up to the
top of the tree, but it is holding on
after you get there!'"

"And when I hear people talking
about certain ladies and gentlemen
being really of powerful positions in
life and I hear the old phrase, 'They
have got to the top of the tree!' I mind
more than ever convinced in my mind
of the truth of that remark that it is
not getting to the top of the tree that
entails the greatest sacrifices,
but holding on after you get there.
And to hold on successfully one must
be a snob. Otherwise so many hands
are reached up to pull you down."

"I have found it most interesting
to study the snobbery of the people
in the fashionable world, and it can
be traced down through every grade
of life to the very joy of the bootblack
in having as regular customers what
he calls 'howling swells.' Few people
appreciate what snobbery exists in the
realm of the servants' hall."

"I was once visiting Baron Ferdin-
and de Rothschild, when my valet
came to me and asked if he could go
to London by the morning train and
get back in the afternoon. I said to
him:

"Why do you want to go?"

"Oh, sir, he replied, 'as we were
stopping here only a few days I did
not put on my evening suit, and last
night, you being a foreigner, I found
myself ranked above all the others,
and had to take precedence of those
who were travelling with dukes, earls
and viscounts. I ranked them all and
took in the housekeeper to dinner, and
my mortification was great when I
noticed that every one of the men
around the table was in evening
clothes, and I alone was in my or-
dinary black suit!'"

"By the way, sir," he continued,
"perhaps you, being an American,
don't know that in the Servants' Hall,
the valets and the maids are always
called after their masters' and mis-
tresses' names. They don't call them
Lady or Lord So and So, but simply
by the last name. Thus, Earl Cork's
servant would be called Cork, and in
the Servants' Hall they are seated at
the head of the table exactly the same
grade of rank as that observed by
their masters and mistresses up-
stairs."

"A description of what regal mag-
nificence characterized some of the
social events in New York is fur-
nished by the following:

"After my brother and his wife,"
he says, "arrived in New York in the
winter of 1896-97, Mrs. Bradley Mar-
tin gave the ball at the Waldorf Hotel
on the 10th of February, 1897, as her
house was not large enough to receive
300 guests. Her one desire was that
even as regarded costumes, people
should order them in New York rather
than send to Paris for them; and so
for that reason the invitations were
sent out only just in time for the ball,
thus preventing those invited from
ordering from Paris."

"This was a tremendous benefit and
helped to stimulate trade, which was
at that time of the year at a very low
ebb owing to a temporary depression.
Hence many of the shops sold out all
their beautiful brocades and artistic
odds and ends and stuffs which, no
doubt had been lying on their shelves
for years."

"Shortly before the ball took place

"Jewels glittered everywhere. Some
single buttons were worth thousands
of dollars and one could gaze upon
tiaras and necklaces that cost fabu-
lous sums of money. The small ball-
room where Mrs. Martin received her
guests was superbly decorated with
lilies of the valley, white and pink
roses, orchids and trailing vines. The
dais on which she stood was covered
with rich red plush, its background
being composed of rare old tapestry
garlanded with roses."

"It seems cruel to me," he says,
"that any one with such a noble heart
as my sister-in-law, whose one desire
was to help everybody in all direc-
tions, should have been attacked by
Socialists in the country because she
thought of giving this fancy ball."

The winter that Ward McAllister,
Henry le Grand Cannon and Mrs.
Paran Stevens died, made a tremen-
dous impression on Mr. Martin as
a changing of epochs.

"Three of the most prominent peo-
ple could drop out and yet everything
went on as usual, on just the same,"
he says. "There has never been any
one like them in the social world,
neither have I come across their like
in any country that I have visited.
They were so full of life and activity
and kept so to the front that one
could not realize that the hand of
death would sweep them away."

King Edward's remark seems only
too true. My five years' experience
of Edmonton has really seen, readily
proving it. It is not getting there, it's
holding on when you've reached the
top. And by the way—I almost be-
lieve, that some day, under a thin
glove, I shall write of conditions and
people as I have known them.

H. A. CODY

Have you heard of him? He is famous in the far north, and is fast
becoming famous the world over as a writer of Fiction. His new book
"THE FRONTIERSMAN" has just arrived. We have six copies in
our reading library and several to sell. Rent it and you will be sure
to buy it. Other good ones just arrived are:

"THE STAMPEDE," by White
"ROSE IN THE RING," by McCutcheon.
"THE RIGHT STUFF," by Jan Hay.
"THE HUSBAND'S STORY," by Phillips.
"SUSAN CLEGG," by Ann Warner.

Watch for Serviss' new novel shortly.

Little's
BOOK STORE
Agent for
Waterman's Fountain Pens

one of my family met Theodore
Roosevelt in the street and said to
him:

"I am so pleased that you and
your wife are coming to the ball!"

"Oh," replied the future President of
the United States, "my wife's coming
because she's got her costume ready,
but as one of the Police Commissioners
my duty that night will be on the
street watching the police."

"Thus the man who later became
President of our country spent the
night conscientiously doing his duty,
superintending the 500 police that
were selected to keep order on the
night of this remarkable ball."

The reminiscent one's memory is
extremely good, going back over the
years for details of descriptions.

"The scene within the ballroom was
dazzling," he says. "The white and
gold panels of the Waldorf Hotel
gleamed through ancient tapestries
of foliage plants and tropical flowers,
and the broad wall mirrors sent back
in electric rays reflections of beauty
and wealth and the historical charac-
ters of a distant art, that made us be-
lieve we were no longer in New
York, but were taking part in some
bygone pageant in the Chateau de
Versailles during the time of Louis
XIV."

"All was gorgeous and monarchical.
To three Washingtons there were a
score of Louis Quinzes, and for one
Puritan maid whole groups of Marie
Antoinettes, Madame Compadore,
Mesdames Maintenons and Mervei-
lleuses.

"Jewels glittered everywhere. Some
single buttons were worth thousands
of dollars and one could gaze upon
tiaras and necklaces that cost fabu-
lous sums of money. The small ball-
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lieve, that some day, under a thin
glove, I shall write of conditions and
people as I have known them.

WORK OF A STEEPLEJACK

The Fascination and Perils of Work-
ing on Towers and Very High
Modern Buildings

The successful "steeplejack" must
possess determination, perseverance
and ingenuity. He must solve many a
practical problem in hoisting, great
bodies aloft. He must know how to
fasten a hook over the summit of a
sky-scraper chimney. He must have
the nerve to paint a steeple that sways
like a pendulum at the slender top. He
must be able to tear down, build up,
gild, paint, place electric wires and do
many another task that would be dif-
ficult enough on the solid earth.

But a steeple is not the most dif-
ficult height to climb. Straight, tall
chimneys are the hardest of all. There
a man has to work with, might and
main to lift himself inch by inch from
the ground to the top. Sometimes
the top is 300 feet high. When it is
reached a hook is placed over the edge,
a pulley is made fast, the swinging
chair is hauled up, and work begins.

When the chair is near the top it is
easier to work because the ropes are
short; but when they lengthen, as the
ground is approached, there is a ten-
dency to swing; and the wind gives
impetus.

The steeplejack's safety depends
upon the hook, and until he has raised
himself almost to the top it is impos-
sible for him to see whether or not
the hook has been properly adjusted.
More than once a steeple climber has
seen when within ten feet of the top
that corrosion of the iron and the col-
lection of soot have so thickened the
wall that the hook is merely balancing
on the top, so that the slightest pull
in the wrong direction would drag it
off. Again, the bricks are often loose
at the top, and the hook is likely to
tear them away.

One of the natural difficulties to
conquer is the waying of a high
steeple and chimney. In a gale a
steeple point will sway a foot and a
half. Usually it sways from seven to
nine inches. Baiting it means reach-
ing for a spot on the right side, and
finding it on the left, and when mak-
ing a dive, or it on the left, to see it
sway back to the right. Yet in spite
of the constant danger, a bona steeple-
jack exults in his work, and is at
home, like the ironworker on the sky-
scraper, only when high above the
world. He can stand triumphantly at
any height, if he can have two and
one-half square inches to bear his
weight—Harper's Weekly.

WAS UP AGAINST A
HARD COMBINATION

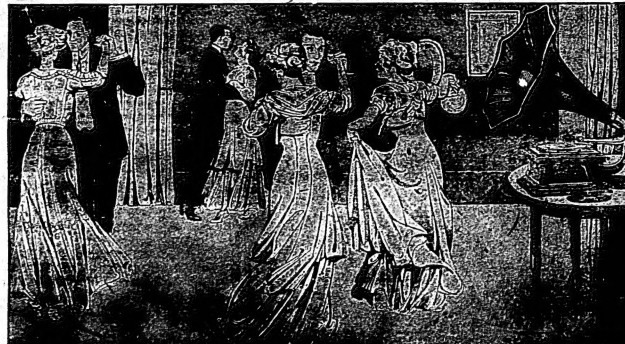
BUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
VANQUISHED THEM ALL

Sundridge man suffering from Gravel,
Diabetes and Dropsy, are a
complete cure.

Sundridge, Ont., Oct. 31. (Special).
Gravel, Diabetes and Dropsy are a
terrible combination for one man to
have. It means that his life is in the
hands of the doctor. I have known
Vanhooser, a well-known resident
of this place, he lived the simple and
natural cure. Here is the story Mr.
Vanhooser tells, and all his neighbors
know every word of it is true:

"I had pains in my back and across
my joints. My stomach would swell,
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made me sure that I was suffering
from the terrible Gravel. The doctor
attended me, but I kept getting worse
every day."

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A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

The Lost Art of Conversation

(By a French contributor)

The winter season is opening. London is itself again, and the problem of "filling the long evenings" has once more to be solved. Social functions are being prepared with the usual British elaborateness, diplomacy and tact, and her ladyship—beyond any doubt the ideal hostess of Europe—is busy preparing lists of parties, lists of guests, and list of—attendants.

The dressmakers are hard at work. Fashion is so fickle in these days that a gown ceases to be the latest in a few weeks' time. The florists are besieged with orders. The mansion wears a festive air. The carpets have been vacuum-cleaned, and the knick-knacks brought back from a recent trip abroad adorn the cabinets in the drawing-room, an Italian "master" (?) discovered in Venice, Florence, or Sienna has been hung conspicuously, and replaces the Crome or the Constable of old—a great pity, by the way.

The cast is complete in every noble house; the orchestra is in tune, the footlights—mean the fires—are lit; the curtain is about to rise on the classical society performance.

A Mismatched Room

I have been present at several of those delicate and difficult preparations. And everywhere have heard the same remark pronounced in a tone of unmistakable anxiety:

"What shall we do with our guests this winter?" which really amounts to this: "What shall we make our guests do at the coming parties?"

This word "do" gives much food for thought, and the reflections suggested

by it form the substance of this article.

Pray, why should one do something at an at home, party, reception, evening, or whatever you may choose to call it? If I am not mistaken, the words parlour and drawing-room are synonymous, and a parlour is a room where one talks—from the French verb "parler" or the French noun "parlour." As Alcott, the American author, wrote:

"The house stands for comfort and conversation, and parlors were misnamed if not peopled with ideas."

If, then, drawing-rooms are places where one talks, places specially fitted and disposed for conversation, for the interchange of thought, why should hostesses be worried about "doings," if it were not that conversation is dead or dying? Why should we have played ping-pong a few seasons ago, and why should we play bridge nowadays, whenever we find ourselves in a parlour?

A Suggestion to Hostesses

The wisdom of nations—one of those mysterious phrases which describe things that do not exist—has decided that "Speech is silver and silence golden."

It appears to be a favorite proverb in England. Yet, like most proverbs, it is deceptive. Speech has done for humanity all that silence has neglected to do. Silence is generally the refuge of the cowardly and the ignorant. Speech suggests youth, conviction, hope and passion; silence breathes solitude, narrow-mindedness, and the worst of philosophies; that of silence.

The art of conversation requires from its adepts no irrepressible transcendence, no Latin vocabulary, sharp wit, or universal knowledge. It requires only common sense, the faculty of thinking for oneself, and courage. And, let it be said, this happens to be essentially British characteristics. Consequently all that is needed is the overthrow of the old wall of conversation and routine.

When one fully grasps what zest "real" conversation adds to life, the marvellous sympathies it is capable of creating, the good it may do, and its far-reaching power, one cannot very well conceive how such a wonderful factor of interest and happiness can be neglected.

Why should not English hostesses, taking advantage of the charming and democratic power which is their privileged possession, encourage their guests to be themselves?

Avoiding the Ladies

This is no idle problem or insignificant topic. It is of momentous importance. Is conversation dying portance. Is conversation dying away in this country—and elsewhere? For France herself, the acknowledged land of scintillating talkers, the home of tabloid conversations and dazzling wit, of sparkling aphorisms, fascinating paradox, and original views on everything and everybody, is rapidly and absurdly—losing its reputation. The salons you once used will soon be as rare as they are in this country, though there will always be some "life" and "thought" in a Paris drawing-room owing to the spontaneous character of the French, their natural loquacity and often abused demonstrativeness.

After dinner, in France as in England, the men retire to smoke, and avoid as long as possible the drawing-room, the ladies, and the necessary few words of conversation, with unanimous covetousness. When, at last, they slowly return to the talking-room, they feel relieved only when the bridge tables have been prepared. For bridge has conquered Paris as it did London, and it has become the only "intellectual" medium capable of spanning the river of mutual distrust which separates the feminine and the masculine elements of so-called social gatherings.

It cannot be denied that, just as picture post-cards have killed the exquisite art of letter-writing, bridge and other pastimes are rapidly replacing the gentle, subtle, and delightful art of conversation. It is a lost art today; it may be dead tomorrow.

The problem is worthy of consideration. Many people declare that "we have lost the art of conversation because we play bridge." It is more true to say "We play bridge because we have lost the art of conversation," for conversation was dying long before the fascinating game invaded this country and conquered it with such hopeless—and eloquent—facility.

Artificial Trivialities

It requires no great psychological capacity or intuitive power to discover the cause underlying this abnormal state of things. In England, at least.

As years pass by the conditions of life alter. Evolution will have its way, but it is powerless against one stumbling-block in this country, and that is the British traditional spirit



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in the matter of social functions. With a few brilliant exceptions, no one talks in this country. It is not that no one can talk; I only mean that no one dare talk, except to utter heart-rending commonplace, hackneyed aphorisms, obsolete sayings, and preposterous quotations.

Yet nowhere as in England are there to be found so many interesting beings, so many self-educated, self-taught, self-abiding, self-made personalities. England is crowded with people who can say something every time they speak, as the Americans picturesquely put it; crowded with women of unparalleled refinement and subtle genius, and men of rare achievements, uncommon talents, and unique experiences.

Yet they, like the others, prefer not to "say something."

Why?

Because this country in that particular respect, is ruled, drastically, by an antiquated and fatal routine. Because it is bad form to talk about oneself or the subject on which one is admittedly

specialized. As if a person's own experiences were less interesting than second-hand or hearsay narratives! Because in England, otherwise known as the land of liberty and enlightened wisdom, the home of tolerance and generosity, to make a truly "new" or bold assertion, whether sincere or not, amounts to a social censure.

Because convention and prejudice reign supreme and because originality is nipped in the bud by a sort of tacit agreement which is at the base of English etiquette. Because a remark which does not express the average feeling or idea of the average person present is at once taxed as incongruous and tactless.

It will be objected that in certain salons one meets men and women—generally artists or authors—who are allowed to say what they please. Quite so. They are allowed to ventilate their opinions, whatever these may be, and the more daring and startling their statements are, the better pleased are their hosts. They

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RAIN IN THE COUNTRY

When it rains in the country what do the folks do?

Well, listen a moment, and I will tell you.

'Tis pleasant to think of the pleasure we get

When all of the world is all drizzle and wet

When work can't be done in the garden or field,

And fishing and hunting no pleasure will yield,

When kitchens are cosy, and parlors invite,

When the wind and the rain is at its full height,

When it rains in the country what do the folks do?

Ah! Could you but see us all snug from the dew!

No fretting, no work, because of the rain,

And, O! it is restful, the beat on the panel

No beaches, no shopping, no concerts, no shows,

What do we really? You ask me again?

When it rains in the country, we just let it rain.

—Joe Cone in the Boston Herald.

THE HAT

(After Tom Moore)

My Myrtille hath a hat,

No one knows whereof its pattern—

Low it rests on Myrtille's hat

Snuggly as the rings on Saturn;

Fine it is to look upon

With its bows and plumes of willow,

What, though, is it patterned on—

Tell me this, my fair Myrtille?

After clothing hampers, dear?

Or firkins of the sort that fill a Public mart?

Speak, dear heart!

I'm curious to know, Myrtille!

—Buffalo News.

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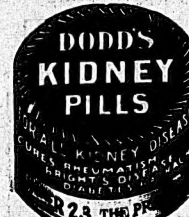
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TORONTO

HOME AND SOCIETY

The Westward Ho chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, have decided to hold their annual Military Ball Poudre in the Cecil Hotel dining room on December 30th. May always struck me as a bit late for a very successful dance, though the Bals Poudre have always been among the most notable dances ever held in the Capital.

Mrs. Forquharson has sent out invitations for an "At Home" on Tuesday next, in honor of her sister, Miss Mac Alpine of Halifax, who is spending the winter with her.

I believe in the evening there will be an informal dance for the younger set.

Mrs. Howard Douglas has chosen the first Thursday of the month for her reception day instead of the 1st Wednesday, which is the day kept by the other residents of the Rene Lemarchand Mansion.

Mrs. H. F. Whittaker will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday next, Nov. 9th, at her residence, 373 Third street, and afterwards on the 3rd Thursday of each month.

Mrs. Harold Richards is giving an evening Bridge on Tuesday next.

On Saturday Miss Jean Forsythe had a Madeline Bridge of two tables for Mrs. Macdonald Hogg, of London, England, who arrived on Thursday last for a visit to her niece, Miss Harold Richards. The other guests were: Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Richard's mother, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Dickins, Badame Martin, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Dr. Ella Syngé. Miss Forsythe received in a pretty black gown and sang for the little company following an hour at the popular game, thus adding very much to the enjoyment of the occasion. When the tea-hour arrived Miss Mackie came in and brewed the tea, and assisted Miss Forsythe in her duties as hostess.

I hear of an engagement, not new, but never publicly announced, which I hope to tell you of next week.

Mrs. M. S. McCarthy, of Calgary, arrived in town on Tuesday to visit Mrs. T. W. Lines.

Owing to the amount of business transacted at the quarterly meeting of the Local Council of Women, Oct. 27th, there was unfortunately no time for the talk that Mrs. Broadus was to give. Mrs. Broadus has, however, kindly consented to give her address on "The Spirit of Fellowship—the Evolution of a Social Ideal Reflected in English Literature" to the members of the Local Council and their friends, on Wednesday, November 23rd at 4 p.m. in the Y.M.C.A. hall. After the lecture tea will be served. It is hoped that the members of the local council will show their appreciation of Mrs. Broadus's kindness by a full attendance. (Mrs. L. Kneil, secretary.)

Mr. and Mrs. Pardee will also go out to their new house some time late this month, when the bank boys will take their present fine quarters.

Miss Margaret Cuthbert had the misfortune at last week-end to fall from her horse, while out riding, and break her ankle.

Miss Cuthbert was out in the country some six or seven miles at the time, with a party of friends, and though an expert horsewoman, owing to her hat blowing down over her eyes and her horse stumbling at the same time, she was unable to save herself. Very luckily, she rode the whole distance back, but has since been confined to her bed with a very painful foot.

I hear Major and Mrs. Cuthbert intend to move about the middle of the month into their new house. After Christmas Mrs. Cuthbert expects to go south for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Osborne have moved into town from their farm for the winter.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald and her sister Miss Lena Kerr will receive at "Glencoe" on Wednesday next for the first time this season. Afterwards Mrs. Macdonald will resume her former days of the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

Mrs. Bert Woods of Calgary, is expected in town for the opening of the Provincial Legislature, and will be Mrs. M. R. Jennings' guest.

Mr. Vernon Barford's pupils have

resumed their morose recitals, the first taking place last Saturday in All Saints' schoolroom. These recitals are open to everyone interested in music, and are always very well worth going to. I hope to announce the other dates each month in advance.

Miss Mary Campbell, the artist, is having an exhibition of her china and paintings in the Imperial Shoe store on Friday and Saturday next, everything on exhibition being, of course, purchasable as well.

I need not add how very highly Miss Campbell's work is thought of by those competent to judge. Long ago Miss Campbell had made a name for herself among the artists in Toronto and other centres, and her trip abroad for the purpose of gaining new experience, and the benefit of study in the Old Country, and on the continent, has added fresh laurels to her crown and greater value to her work. The sale will be sketches done abroad, and a very interesting collection of both china and paintings as well.

I have been asked to call the attention of those who have not responded to their invitations to the Assembly dances, to the necessity for a speedy reply. The secretary must have the money and answer both in before a ticket can be procured, and no ticket no dance is to be the rule. More than that, the answer must be in before the first Assembly or the committee will not supply one. As the dances are to be strictly limited to a certain number, it is imperative that the subscriptions should be in early, so that the secretary will know what arrangements are to be made. The first dance will be held Friday, November 10th, and the committee consist of Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. N. D. Beck, Mrs. E. C. Pardee, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. R. P. Barnes, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. S. B. Woods. The Hon. Secretary-treasurer being Mr. W. R. Barnes.

Miss Crosskill returned from a most enjoyable visit to Banff and Calgary on Thursday, having been away well on to two months. During her absence Miss Shibley has been with Mrs. Crosskill, but I believe intends taking rooms in the Wize block almost at once.

Mrs. Garnet G. Morris will receive for the first time this season on Monday, at her home 327 Sixteenth street, and afterwards on the 1st and 3rd Monday of the month.

The Premier and Mrs. Sifton will hold their first reception at their home, "Garry Kennagh," corner Victoria avenue and Sixth street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 10th, from 9 to 12 o'clock. I understand that no cards are being issued for the occasion, but that the Premier and his wife hope to welcome all of those who would have called, had they been settled sooner, and able to receive them. For the opening ceremonies Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Van Wart and Mrs. Sibley will be the guests of Premier and Mrs. Sifton. I believe they are expected in town on Wednesday night and will remain for a visit.

Mrs. Cornwall arrived from the north on Saturday, and is in pension at the Alberta Hotel. Mrs. Cornwall is expected some time early next week. I hear they are likely to take a furnished house for the winter.

Mrs. Lowes returned to Calgary on Friday. During her stay in town Mrs. Lowes has made shoals of friends, who will be delighted to see her back here again, whenever she can tear herself away from her beloved Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cross returned from the east on Saturday.

Well, here we are on the eve of another year. This year there will be no opening reception at Government House, as its gentle mistress is not yet returned from her summer home, not feeling yet able, or up to, entertaining. I know however, the Governor expects to have her back about the end of November. Mrs. Sifton, the Premier's wife, will however, hold a levee on that night, as announced elsewhere in these columns, so that the opening of the legislature will still be of interest from a social point of view.

Mrs. Pardee was the charming hostess of a smart little tea on Friday last in honor of Mrs. Lowes of Calgary. The delightful rooms and limited number of guests, made the hour over the tea-cups a particularly pleasant one, it being possible to have a quiet chat with one's intimates without the usual flurry and interruptions.

Both hostess and guest of honor were looking particularly well, and wore costumes of varying shades of mauve.

Mrs. Pardee's gown was rather severely cut empire, the only ornament

being some rat-tailed trimming on the bodice. Mrs. Lowes wore a lovely frock of palest mauve, with quantities of exquisite real lace, a stunning black velvet picture hat with black and white plumes, and some splendid diamond and pearl ornaments. Tea was served in happy intimate fashion in the big cheery living room. Mrs. Nightingale, beautifully frocked, presiding at a table done with some fine golden mums, and lit by candles in quaint silver sticks.

Among those who came in for tea, I noticed: Mrs. Mowat Biggar, Mrs. Kerr, wife of Professor Kerr, of Alberta University, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Slocock, Mrs. Harry Evans, a new and very sweet bride, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Cauley, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Hughes, a comparatively new-comer whom everyone seems to have taken a great fancy to; Miss Hudspeh, Mrs. Sydney B. Woods, Mrs. O'Kelly, Miss Baldwin, a pretty vivacious girl, dressed in a lovely soft shade of blue with hat en suite; Miss Hawes, in a green tailor-made gown and large picture hat; Mrs. Percy Hardisty, the hostess, who was wearing a most becoming frock and looking very sweet and attractive; and assisting Mrs. Pardee in looking after her guests.

Mrs. Jack Anderson moved into her new residence on Saturday last, the same day that Mr. Anderson was called away hurriedly to Quebec to his brother's bedside, where he is lying critically ill. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Soars the same day took possession of their house, lately purchased from Mr. Anderson, and are now busy getting settled.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall has issued cards for an At Home, Saturday, November the twelfth.

Mrs. Howard Douglas had a great many callers drop in to welcome her to town on Wednesday last, her cosy abode in the Rene Lemarchand Mansion being filled with an ever-shifting throng of well-known people.

Mrs. Douglas received in a very becoming gown of soft old rose with handsome garnitures, and was assisted by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Roy Douglas, prettily frocked in green. In the tea-room where delicious dainties were served, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. R. P. Barnes presided at a table attractively done in rose chrysanthemums on a lace centre-piece over the satin; Miss Marjorie Beck and Miss Phyllis Barnes were the two pretty assistants. In the hall some splendid trophies gave many of the callers cause to stop and go into ecstasies over one magnificent bull-buffalo's head, presented to Mrs. Douglas by Michael Pablo himself, being one of the finest specimens on the continent, and evoking the most unbounded admiration. In the reception room two beautiful color sketches by C. M. Russell, the noted cowboy artist of Great Falls, Montana, and in the hall a framed letter with two tiny watercolor drawings from him, which host and hostess treasure among their most cherished possessions. A great art list this, and over the tea-cups a friend told me the fascinating story of his life, which led one back to the pictures and served to explain how he comes to have his anatomy so perfect, and why his pictures move and have positive being, as even the most casual onlooker can see.

I mean to know, and write of this man's work, some time some day. I want to know the man behind the pictures.

Being down town on Thursday afternoon, I followed the steady stream of shoppers to Campbell's beautifully refitted furniture store, lured in by a peep at the windows, which disclosed the most tempting array of furnishings to make a home attractive.

In the east window, a beautifully-arranged bed-room in mahogany—lovely little four-poster bed, dressing-table, bureau, table and chairs—graceful of line, and exquisite in workmanship, held a court of its own on the other side of the window-pane.

This arranging of rooms, on the ideal home plan, is a capital idea. Some people can never picture just how a spot will look, unless they see it as it will be, actually every piece in place. Not content with this one demonstration, however, Mr. Campbell had a succession of rooms: Bedrooms in mahogany, in the most alluring old-fashioned lines, with tall-boy and low-boys complete as they might have looked a century ago, and from this on to Circeanian walnut suites, after the very latest designs, white-enamel furnished bed-rooms with the sweetest and most distracting beds and dressers, in fact any possible kind of bedroom any taste might desire.

To add to their attractiveness, the drapings of old chintz and soft curtains were also employed, while great pots of red roses, lit by tiny

electric bulbs, cast a soft glow over all.

Over the table hung large lantern shades, and in the centre were plants and ferns, exactly as one would expect in any artistically furnished home.

Some of the rugs were very fine, and I went upstairs, for a glimpse of some of the best of them, and to look at the curtains and coverings of which there is a splendid range. At this time when so many new names are going up and so many women are freshening up their rooms generally, a walk through Campbell's store should be of the greatest help, and will also furnish an hour's very pleasant occupation.

PEGGY.

A SONG OF THE RANGE.

The bawl of a steer to a cowboy's ear is music of sweetest strain,
And the yelling notes of the gray coyotes to him are a glad refrain.
The rapid beat of his bronco's feet on the sod as he speeds along
Keeps 'livening time to the ringing rhyme of his rollicking cowboy song.
His eyes are bright and his heart is light as the smoke of his cigarette,
There's never a care for his soul to fear, no trouble to make him feel.
For a kindly crown in the noisy town his saddle he would not change—
No life so free as the life we see 'way out on the cattle range.

Hi-ho! Hi-ho!
To the range away
On the deck of a bronk of steel
With a careless flirt
On the rawhide quirt
And a dig of the rowelled heel.
(The winds may howl
And the thunder growl,
Or the breezes may softly moan,
The rider's life is the life for me,
The saddle a kindly throne.

At the long day's close he his bronco throws 'with the bunch in the boss corral,
And a light he spies in the bright blue eyes of his beckoning rancher gal;
Tis a light that tells of the love that dwells in the soul of his little dear,
And a kiss he slips of her waiting lips when no one is watching near.
His glad thoughts stray to the coming day when away to the town they'll ride.

And the nuptial band by the parson's hand will be placed on his bonnie bride,
And they'll gallop back to the old home shack in the life that is new and strange—
The rider bold an dthe girl of gold, the queen of the cattle range.

Hi-ho! Hi-ho!
For the work is play
When love's in the cowboy's eyes,
(When his heart is light
As the clouds of white
That swim in the summer skies;
And his jolly song
Speaks the hours along
As he thinks of the little gal
With the golden hair
(Who'll be waiting there
At the gale of the home-corral
—James Barton Adams, in New York Sun.

AVIATION SICKNESS IS LATEST

Paris, Nov. 4.—A French physiologist discovered what he calls aviation sickness, which he believes is accountable for the many tragic accidents which happen to flyers. It is due, he says, to depression of the diaphragm caused by the rarity of the air at certain heights above the sea level and the speed and vibration of the aeroplane besides the product of the disturbance of brain centres in which are localized the sense of equilibrium. He hopes science will find a means of counteracting these effects.

WORKS HARD AND WEIGHS 362

Windsor, Me., Nov. 4.—Maine's fattest man, Charles L. Carey, although he tips the scales at 362 pounds, works like a beaver every day on his farm.

Maybe you wouldn't believe it takes from six to eight yards of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. Mr. Carey is a light eater. He eats some meat, but mostly bread, butter, and potatoes, but drinks little or no milk or cream.



Brownsmith: "Bravo, old man; you ought to be with Carl Rosa." Amateur Tenor (who has just assassinated "Thora"): "B-but Carl Rosa's dead." Brownsmith: "Yes, I know."

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SIX MEN AND THEIR PASSING.
(Brandon Sun.)

When the hand of death fell upon E. King Dodds, at Toronto the other day, the soul of the late of probably the greatest sextette of newspaper men Canada has ever known went out to its Maker.

In 1878, and for a few years later, King Dodds, Jim Fahey, Alex. Pirie, Andrew Pattullo, Ned Clarke and Nicholas Flood Davin were the journalistic stars of Ontario and Canada.

All six had been on the press gallery at Ottawa together and upon the stump in the fierce political battles when the contending forces were lined up behind Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Farrer was shaping the policy of one party or the other in those days, and was probably the greatest force on the newspaper end of the political game. But Davin, Pirie, Pattullo, Fahey, Clarke and King Dodds were a coteries of brilliant men, who fought the battles on the platform or in the press with all the energy that each could muster, and daily met between the rounds in a social way to chat about the features of the struggle. They were the closest of friends, fair fighters, and every one of them a "white man" in every sense of the term.

Brilliant, brainy and clever as these men were none of them ever got beyond a puchure for his party, and probably all suffered the pang of disappointed hopes. They made and unmade members of parliament, and governments, too, perhaps, for in those days cash or graft was not the factor in politics that it is today. By their oratory or brilliant writing in countless political contests these men turned defeat into defeat or defeat into victory—and some one else got what there was in it. Any one of these six men was of cabinet calibre, and even better than that when one considers the average of those who have won seats on the treasury benches at Toronto and Ottawa.

Jim Fahey was probably the greatest paragrapher, and one of the wittiest speakers Canada has produced. He was the first to disappear from the scene. It was hard that rye got him, and perhaps it did, but Fahey, good soul that he was, harmed no man.

Davin, his spirit broken by disappointment, ended his life in his room in a Winnipeg hotel.

Pattullo, the maker of the greatest country newspaper in Canada, the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, suicided in London, England.

Ned Clarke, succumbed to a sudden illness at his home in Toronto.

Alex. Pirie, prince of good fellows, warm-hearted, an eloquent after-dinner speaker, and one of the cleverest of writers, driven to despair by domestic troubles and political ingratitude, put a bullet through his brain in his home at Dundas.

And now, King Dodds, the silver-tongued orator of thirty years ago, and one of the finest of friends of legitimate sport, after five years of blindness, has crossed the bar.

Each man of the six gave the best that was in him for his party and his country. Countless thousands owe to one or other of them a debt of gratitude, for what each did was not done for himself, but for the cause. One else Bright, clever, brainy, true and great Canadians were Fahey, Davin, Pattullo, Pirie, Clarke and King Dodds. Let us forget how some of them died, for we know nothing of their heartaches, but some of us saw their work and know something about what they did, and we know that the world is better because these men lived.

And there are those of immature years or mind who are inclined either to admire or envy Miss Leneve, they have a poor conception of reality; for she is neither heroine nor happy. The kindest thing which the world can do is to forget her, to let her, as the Detroit Journal puts it, "sink off for a while now, to suffer in solitude and silence," or, as the Baltimore American remarks, "to permit the veil to close about her that she may go her way and find such legitimate factors of contentment as life, my yet afford. Her punishment for moral delinquency will be fearful, as administered through the medium of remorse."—Toronto Star.

AIRSHIP, A TARIFF SMASHER

(Montreal Herald)

The late Henry George foresaw the flying machine and recognized in it a tariff destroyer. That is what he says about it in his book on "Protection and Free Trade."

"The directness, the swiftness, and the ease with which birds cleave the air, naturally excites man's desire. His fancy has always given angels wings, and he has ever dreamed of a time when the power of traversing those unobstructed fields might also be his. That this triumph is within the power of human ingenuity who in this age of marvels can doubt? And who would not hail with delight the news that invention has at last brought to realization the dream of ages, and made navigation of the atmosphere as practicable as navigation of the ocean? Yet if the protective theory be true, this mastery of another element would be a misfortune to man. For it would make protection impossible. Every inland town and village, every road of ground on the whole earth's surface, would at once become a part of an all-embracing ocean, and the only way in which any people could continue to enjoy the blessings of protection would be to roof their country in."

LARGE CALIBERED PRESIDENT

(Boston Herald)

President Taft at ended the recent aero meet, at which Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, made a trip with Graham White. After the flight, the plane was landed near the automobile occupied by the President, who congratulated Mr. Fitzgerald on his coolness and nerve, and asked:

"Are you not afraid to go up in such a light machine?"

"There is only one machine that I am afraid of," was the smiling reply of "Honey Fitz," and that is the "Republican machine."

The President, composing himself with an effort, inquired: "And could you see people on earth very plainly while you were away up in the air?"

"Well," replied "Honey Fitz," a droll twinkle in his eye, "I could see you without any difficulty."

UPON A CERTAIN ALDERMANIC COYNES

Each November, for ten years past I have asked a certain question of a certain city statesman whom I meet constantly on the street. Each year I receive from him the same answer. Each time that answer is in substance: "Each succeeding January, I ask the same man another question, and he tells me another untrue lie."

As election time rolls around I say to Ald. Bill Smith, "Alderman, are you going to run again this year?" And without hesitation Ald. Bill replies: "No! I'm through with municipal politics for good. This year I'm out of it."

And after election day—the events of the meantime proving to any unprejudiced mind that Ald. Bill Smith could not have been driven out of the arena of municipal politics with a stuffed club—I say to him, "Well, Alderman, I see you decided to run after all." And he replies, "Well, yes, a deputation waited on me, and I decided I would—this time."

Why is it that most men carefully hold the pose that they must be dragged into municipal politics as a bulky horse is dragged through a gate? And why is it that the public expects this? Perhaps the latter question, answers the former one. For in an election here a few years ago, when although apparently the two men were evenly balanced in public favor, one won easily, the explanation given by a man who himself has experience in this field was "Jim would have won easily, only in the big opera house meeting the night before the election he said that for years he had held an ambition to sit in the council." And you know," he added, "people will not stand for that."

Do you see where the sunset points To the shore of the Slumber Sea? There's a little pink shell lying there, A shell that's for you and me; To hold it, my sweet, to your ear, And list its soft melody, And then when you've heard its soft sleeping, my dear, Lay your sunny head down by me.

Such wonderful dreams it brings, Of downs where the fairies dance, Of pearly pathways and blossoming rings, Where the silver moonbeams glance, Of gossamer cobwebs strung, With diamond drops of dew, Of tinkling chimes by the Wee Folk eung, From bells of lilac and blue, The blow-away clocks count the hours, As they do in the fields below, And their fluff floats away like pale silver flows.

But they're always fast or slow; The right time you never can tell; But what does it matter, my dear, While you hush the song of that wonderful shell, Close to your small pink ear?

Hold it close against your yellow hair, Let it rest on your dimpled cheek, And dream the night hours fair, Of waves in some mist-blue creek, Of poppies all crumpled gold, Soft stirred by the amber breeze, Ah! sleep while your hands-like-sweet rose leaves fold, O'er the shell from the Slumber Sea.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE LONE EXCEPTION

The high cost of living, this time of Thanksgiving, has filled us with sorrow profound; Our prospects of turkey are misty and murky With birds at a quarter a pound. What chance has a fellow to take home a yellow Ripe pumpkin for lanterns—and pies?

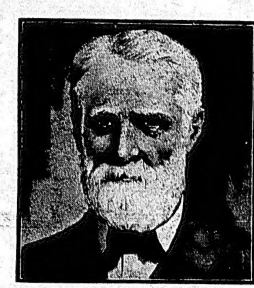
We say to the grocer, "At such prices, no, sir," Although it brings tears to our eyes. When we were younger we stayer off our hangers in going the rounds of the Berlin court and university society. An eminent Harvard professor, who recently was he developed sufficient courage to address the following remark to me emperor at a gala dinner at the capital:

"Your majesty, everybody in America has been wondering who talked the most when you and Roosevelt got together last spring." Ever since the Kaiser began cultivating Americans a few years ago he has accustomed himself to their unconventional familiarities, so the poser from the Harvard scholar jarred the war lord not a whit. "O, I really don't know about that," he responded, smilingly. "All I know is that the people who saw us together said that it was just like a couple of windmills."

KAISER AND ROOSEVELT TALK "LIKE WINDMILLS" So Acknowledges the Emperor When Questioned as to Which of them Made the Most Conversation

Berlin, Nov. 4.—A brand new Kaiser-Roosevelt yarn is going the rounds of the Berlin court and university society. An eminent Harvard professor, who recently was he developed sufficient courage to address the following remark to me emperor at a gala dinner at the capital:

"Your majesty, everybody in America has been wondering who talked the most when you and Roosevelt got together last spring." Ever since the Kaiser began cultivating Americans a few years ago he has accustomed himself to their unconventional familiarities, so the poser from the Harvard scholar jarred the war lord not a whit. "O, I really don't know about that," he responded, smilingly. "All I know is that the people who saw us together said that it was just like a couple of windmills."

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OTTAWA, Ont.,

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I have been in business here for a good many years, and have been a resident of Ottawa for over fifty years, so that if you think this little reference from me will serve to induce some others to try "Fruit-a-lives" I have hereby authorized its publication.

WM. PARSONS.

Head Cashier of the Dazzle Deep Mining Syndicate: "The offices were broken into this morning!"

Chairman D. C. S.: "What did the burglars do?"

Cashier: "They carried off \$3,000 belonging to the shareholders—"

Chairman: "Ha! Ha! What clever scoundrels these burglars are!"

Cashier: "—and your gold-mounted umbrella."

Chairman: "Oh, the villains! Send round to Scotland Yard at once!"



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Cashier: "—and your gold-mounted umbrella."

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CATCH OF 212,000 HERRINGS.

London, Oct. 18.—No less than 212,000 herrings, caught during a 24-hour trip, were brought to Yarmouth yesterday by the Lowestoft boat *Playmate*, while 100,000 were landed by another boat.

Love for Love's Sake.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say:

"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and
certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a

day"

For these things in themselves, beloved,
May be changed, or change for thee—and
love's so wrought,
May for us wrought so. Neither love me nor

Thine own dear plays wiping my
cheeks dry,
Since one might well forget to weep
who bore
Thy comfort long and lose thy love
thereby.

But love me for love's sake, that ever-
more
Thou mayest love on through love's
eternity.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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HUNTING FOR PENSION FRAUDS

The Secret Service is not the only department of the government's investigating force where nerve and the ability to think quickly in the face of death is demanded of its men. In the Pension Bureau there is a group of incensed investigators who are frequently called upon to match their wits against circumstances where a false step might mean a bullet in their hearts or a knife stab in their backs.

These men are seldom or ever heard of in the stories of thrilling adventure which are told of the government's servants who have to do with protecting the National Treasury from fraud. It is a rule of the Pension Bureau never to speak of its business, except such of it as is required in the annual reports of the Pension Commissioner.

But the seal of silence which is figuratively placed over the tips of the Pension Bureau employees is sometimes broken when men leave the department and enter other vocations. Thus it was that the following story came to the ears of a "Times" reporter. It was told by a man who for many years was one of the Pension Bureau's staff of investigators whose duty it is to gather all facts concerning a pensioner or the applicant for a pension whose claim looks suspicious on its face. This former employee of the Bureau is now a lawyer in Washington. He considers this adventure his closest call.

"I had been in the employ of the Pension Bureau several years," he said "and had come to be looked upon as a man to trust with ticklish jobs, when one day my superior officer called me in and told me to investigate the claim of a mountaineer living in one of the wildest parts of Tennessee. The man's claim had been held up pending investigation, so I knew to start with that I, as a representative of the Pension Bureau, would not be looked upon as a friend. I knew, too, that the district was one of the most wicked in the State.

"And whatever I failed to know was soon supplied by my fellow-investigators. They informed me that several revenue agents had been murdered there not long before; that most of the mountaineers would shoot a stranger as quickly as they would bite off a chew of tobacco. But I had been in bad places before, and did not lose my nerve.

"Not long after that I landed at a little railway station hired a buggy and driver, and drove over twelve of the worst miles of mountain trail I have ever seen. We reached the mountaineer's place long after dark. The driver, who had been telling me how bad a man this chap was—we'll call him Jones, principally because that isn't his name—refused to alight and accompany me to the cabin. So, without leaving the buggy, I began to shout. The cabin was quite dark. A pack of dogs began barking at the sound of my voice.

"Those in the cabin were awake. I knew, but still no answering shout. Suddenly it occurred to me to tell them who I was, so I yelled:

"I'm a friend from the Pension Bureau in Washington, and I've come to see you about that pension." I knew that they had probably taken me for a Revenue Agent, and would not relish an inspection. There was a pause, then came a shout from one of the dark windows:

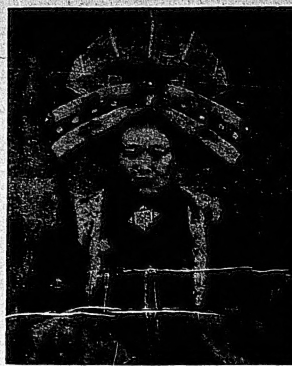
"All right. Come in." A moment later a light appeared and the dogs were called off.

"Leaving the driver to return to the railway station settlement. I approached the cabin. I was sure that a rifle was trained on me each step of the way, but I could not see it. A rap on the door and it swung open, revealing one of the roughest specimens of Tennessee mountaineer I ever saw. Behind him was his wife. They gruffly invited me in, and soon got out a snack of corn bread and cold ham for me.

"I sat up late with Smith getting his story. He gave me what purported to be his war record from start to finish. And when he got through I asked him for the names of some men living in that section who either served in the same company of his regiment or who could swear he fought in the war. He gave me several names.

"I slept there that night. Next day I met by the buggy and went to see the mountaineers whom Smith had told me were in the same regiment and company with him. But to each place I went Smith preceded me. Although I drove as fast as I could from one cabin to another, and some of them were many miles apart he was always there first. And he travelled by foot.

"The stories told by the other mountaineers corresponded with his. But



THE PAGOH

A Tibetan woman of the upper class, wearing the Pagoh head-dress, which is ornamented with many turquoise, corals and small pearls, and is interwoven with the woman's own hair. Such a head-dress is worth about \$1,500.

I was not satisfied. I bade him goodbye and left him thinking that I was going home. But I remained in the mountain region. Wandering around there I came across an old negro. I turned from him that he had known Smith all his life. Without revealing my identity, I questioned him closely.

He and Smith had been playfellows as boys. I asked him where they were during the war, and he said "Right here, boss." The old negro said he was sure of that, because while the war was on he and Smith used to bathe in an old water hole, and one day he had rescued Smith.

"I went back to Smith and asked him if he knew the negro. He said they were old friends, and that the negro could tell about how he (Smith) went to the war. I made him believe I was starting for the negro's house. The moment my back was turned he made tracks for the negro's cabin. But I called him back.

"Now, you old fraud," I exclaimed, "I have the goods on you. You needn't see that nigger, for I have his story. You were no more in the Civil War than I was, and let me tell you now you'll never get that pension."

"I never saw so wicked a look come over a man's face. If looks could have killed me I would have died then and there. He thought a moment, turned, and went back to his house. I drove the twelve miles back to the station. Near the station was a small general store. I went there to buy a cigar while waiting for the train. Smith was inside. He had apparently been telling the crowd of mountaineers about me, for as I entered he exclaimed, "There is the—now!"

"Like a flash Smith grabbed a heavy weight from the counter. Every man in the store, except Smith and I, ran. Back went Smith's arm with the heavy weight. An instant more and it would have come flying at my head. But I had been thinking quickly. Physically I was no match for the man. My revolver was in a satchel outside.

"But from the moment the man had grasped the weight I had been keeping his glance fixed on my eyes. As his hand wavered there, I shouted sharply: "Wait! Before you kill me, listen. I am not one of your mountaineers. I am part of the United States Government. Kill me, and you will have a regiment of soldiers upon you to avenge my death. Think of this. Kill me, and your own death is sure to follow."

"Slowly the man's hand lowered and he placed the weight on the counter. I left the store, saying that I would like to part friends and had some to-

do in my grip for him. Once the grip was open I took out my revolver and back to the store. I went with the tobacco I had promised and gave it to him. My train soon came along, and I left.—New York Times.

RAIN BEAT THE FIREMEN; PUT THE BLAZE OUT FIRST.

It Was Only a Chicken House at That and They Had Not a Boller to Reward Them.

Center Moriches, L. I., Oct. 24.—Clanging of the fire bell awakened Chief Charles H. Barber and his trust-worthy volunteers about 1 a.m. yesterday. They dressed and hustled to the truck house.

They were thoroughly blown when they arrived at the scene of the awful conflagration, a half mile away. But they found no awful conflagration. The rain had put it out. Were the firemen grateful to weeping nature? Not a great deal. Fact is, the fire was in a henhouse, said by a competent appraiser to be worth about \$1.50 net. The damage was estimated at 30 cents and there wasn't even one broiled chicken for breakfast.

NERVE OF STOWAWAY MAY BE A PASSPORT.

George W. Bunker 22 years old, "English by birth, but American by choice," as he puts it, who almost starved to death in trying to return to these shores, was taken handcuffed to Ellis Island the other day from the Atlantic transport liner *Messaba* as a stowaway.

"There's good stuff in that fellow and we need his sort over here," said Jauncey.—From the New York World.

Rich Cut Glass

Our Cut Glass is the product of the best factories, as is quite noticeable by its brilliancy and fine cutting. Come in and see these beautiful goods.

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Jeweller and Optician

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should always be used where several people sit, because it does not strain the eyes of those sitting far from it.

The Rayo Lamp is constructed to give the maximum of diffused white light. Every detail that increases its light-giving value has been included.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp. You may pay \$5, \$10 or even \$20 for other lamps and get a more expensive container—but you cannot get a better light than the Rayo gives.

This season's Rayo has a new and strengthened burner. A strong, durable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of solid brass, finished in nickel.

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Girls at the Maclean Block, also
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\$1.50 per day
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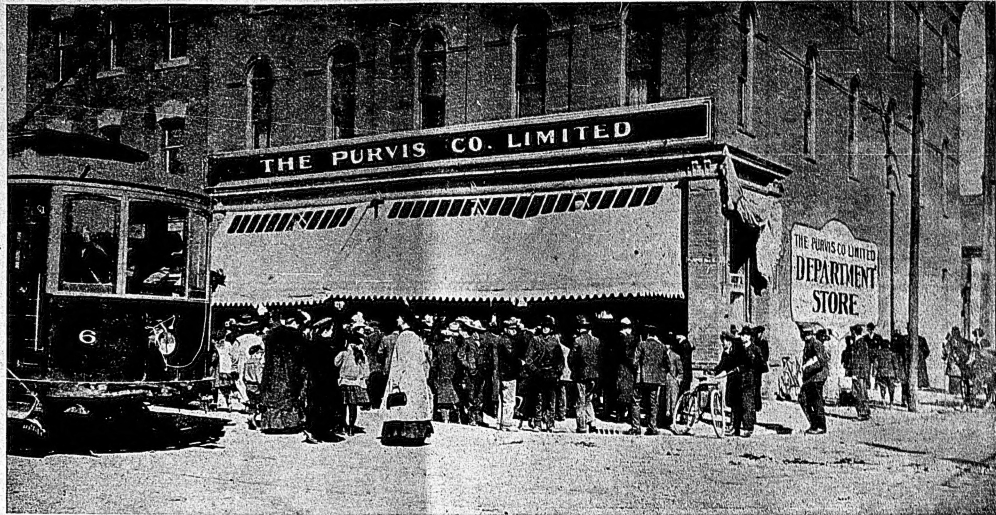
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THE QUEEN'S FLEETS

Take for thy throne, my queen, this
niche, my hand
Hath carved for thee
Here in the grey breast of this dome
of sand
That fronts the sea.
In sovereign state aloof, the solitude
Hedging thee round, as once thy
maidenhood,
Make me no partner of thy thoughts
or speech
— when day and darkness
meet,
But count me merely jetsam of the
beach,
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late
bird sings.

Voiceless, serene,
The sea dreams: silence holds all
lovely things—
And thou art queen!

For silence in the twilight's gold and
red
Behind thee sits a crown upon thy
head.

Send forth, O! queen, thy fleets upon
the main,

Send forth thy daring fleets of
thought,
And let me wait to hail them home
again

With riches fraught,
By Fancy captained send thy fleets
afar,

To win the sea;
Send them to know what spoils in
ocean are,

What mystery,
What beauty in all things that "suf-
fered change."

In coral caves to "something rich and
strange,"

Then bring them home, and I with
kingly might

Will take their treasure, as it lies
Safe-harbored in the straight, purple
night,

Of thy dear eyes.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

WHEN TOURIST MEETS A LION

Sir Frederick Treves Writes of Et-
quette to be Followed on Occasion

London, Oct. 29.—The etiquette
to be adopted when a tourist meets a
lion in a jungle is described humor-
ously by Sir Frederick Treves, the fa-
mous surgeon, in his fifth book of
general interest, which is entitled
"Uganda for a Holiday," and recently
published.

Sir Frederick explains in his preface
that he visited this part of Africa with
the outlook of an "unspecialized trav-
eller"—of the man who merely seeks
"somewhere to go."

The tourist coming to British East
Africa is sure to inquire as to the line
of conduct that should be observed
when a lion is encountered by the
way," writes Sir Frederick. "In an-
swer to such inquiry I was told that
the etiquette suitable for the occasion
was the following: If the lion when
met with is walking in the opposite di-
rection to the tourist, the animal

should be allowed to continue his
walk without comment. If, however,
the lion stops and stares at the tour-
ist it is proper that the tourist should
"stish" the animal away, as he would
an obtrusive goose on a village green.
Should the animal be unmoved by this
expression of annoyance, the tourist
is advised to throw lumps of earth
at the obtuse creature. If, after this,
the lion still fails to realize that he is
de trop, the tourist is recommended
to walk away from the spot with such
dignity as the strained position de-
mands."

Conservative Rhinoceros.
Sir Frederick Treves has several
other things to say about the animals
of the wild. "The rhinoceros is the
embodiment of blind conservatism,"
he writes. "Its hide is impenetrable,
its vision is weak, while its intellect is
weaker. It has, however, two marked
qualities—combative and a sense of
smell. It is aroused to its maximum
energy by the presence of any
thing that is new. This object need
not be a thing that is aggressive and
inconvenient. Its offensiveness de-
pends on the fact that it is unfa-
miliar."

"When a rhinoceros smells a man
he will charge him with maniacal vi-
olence, although the man may be mer-
ely sitting on a stool reading Milton.
The massive beast will dash at him
like a tornado or a runaway locomotive
simply because the smell of him is
novel. Actuated by this insane
hate of whatever savors of an innova-
tion, the rhinoceros has charged an
iron water tank on the outskirts of a
camp and has crumpled it up as a
blacksmith would an empty meat tin.
"A conservative rhinoceros with a
senile dislike of anything new once
charged a train on the Uganda railway
but with no more serious results than
the tearing away of the footboard of
a carriage. As regards the rhinoceros
in this case, it appeared surprised that
a thing composed, as it had imagined,
of flesh and blood, could be so hard.
It went off with an additional grudge
and an increased swelling of the head."

THE BABY'S BATH.

(From Judge.)

The baby's bath should not be too
hot. On the other hand, it should not
be too cold. If the baby screams, it
is a sign that all is not right. In that
case, dip the hand quickly into the
water to ascertain the temperature.
The defect may then quickly be reme-
died. If too hot, add cold water;
conversely, if too cold, add hot. Avoid
the use of soap or of chemicals.
Frequent baths should render such
bathing unnecessary. Great
care should be exercised to keep the
baby's face constantly above water.
Enough may be swallowed in a few
minutes by the little stranger to cause
chronic biliousness.

GHOSTS IN CONVERSATION

A Fine "First Aid," but Certain Sim-
ple Rules Must be Followed.

Ghosts are to conversation what an
operation for appendicitis is to one's
private thoughts. Have the operation
performed and you will never be with-
out entertaining matter for recollec-
tion. See a ghost and thenceforward
you are sure of an audience, for
ghosts and tales of ghosts are to the
average mind an emotional necessity.

Any one ghost will not answer as
well as another. There are degrees
in ghosts as in social success. There
is no reason while meeting ghosts for
not meeting the best. A little fore-
thought is all that is required.

The first point about ghosts is
their remoteness. A new ghost is as
crass as a new ancestor. There is no
use in any ghost that your audience
is apt to have met in the flesh. Meet-
ing him will just mark you as queer

and psychic. People will feel that
you may have made the advances.
You will be looked upon as an es-
oteric climber. A ghost must belong
to a decently buried generation. A
ghost must appear unsought and in-
evitable.

The next point in ghosts is their
bloodiness. A ghostful die-in-you-
bed ghost is like an ancestor in
trade. You may as well say "grand-
father" to a tailor as "how awful" to
an unmurdered ghost.

Above all things be careful of the
stage setting. Don't try to improve
on the time-honored ruin and mid-

night effect. Follow the approved
method of the centuries. Any trifling
with the tale is dangerous. The con-
ventions of a really blood-stirring ap-
parition's accessories are no more to
be tampered with than those of Mrs.
Grundy at a debutante's ball.

And last and most important, when
you have met your ghost leave town
by the next train. Leave without in-
quiry. Leave without personal in-
vestigation. Write to the psychical
society. Let their agent spoil ap-
point. He's paid for it. You betake yourself
to the nearest house party and shine
From the New York Evening Sun.

SPECIFY MAGI Cal-
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ting just ordinary "Cal-
edonia" Water. That is
the one water from the
only Caledonia spring.



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don't come in a day, but
are usually the result of
long-continued indis-
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cured in a day; drugs may
give temporary relief, but
the real cure is usually in
right living. As an aid to Nature
your physician will recommend

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sitle pure and delicious. Not
only will it please your palate,
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offer the system real assistance
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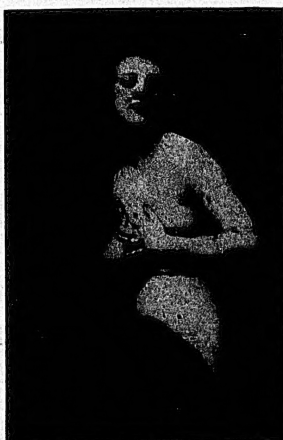
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"The Bather," by Bouguereau.



THE LOUNGER

In Pursuit of his policy hitherto adopted by this department of encouraging the study of Mathematical Science whenever opportunity offers, I desire to prove to my readers that two equals one.

If any of them can detect an error in my calculations, I would be pleased to hear from them.

Let X equal 1.
Then X squared equals X.
And X squared minus 1 equals X minus 1.
Divide both sides by X minus 1.
Then X plus 1 equals 1.
But X equals 1.
Therefore 2 equals 1.

A man who went to Banff to take the baths relates this experience: "My rubber was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way.

When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"What in the blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.

"No offense sir," said the man. "It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bath. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room."

An Edmonton citizen who has recently built a house took a friend out to see it the other day. The latter was much impressed by the great pillars, the spacious porch, and particularly the great hall running from the front to the back of the house.

"What shall I name it?" the owner asked.

"I think," he replied, "You had better call it 'Mostly Hall'."

Some typographical errors produced quite as much sense as the wording intended. In the recent Montreal meeting, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier said "If Britain is ever attacked, though God forbid," a western paper got it: "If Britain is ever attacked, then go to bed." And, in the Crippen case, a question: "Was it at this time you and Miss Le Neve went to Dieppe?" got transformed into "Was it at this time you and Miss Le Neve went dippy?"

"Waiter," called the irate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I cannot account for."

"Oh, that's just a joke, sir," apologized the waiter, "just a bet the cashier and I have. I'll have it fixed right away, sir."

"What do you mean about a bet?" asked the diner, detaining him.

"Well, sir, I bet the cashier fifty cents you would see the mistake, and he bet you wouldn't, so I win, sir."

"Suppose I hadn't noticed it?"

"He'd have gotten the dollar, sir."

"Oh, I see. Give me your pencil," and he wrote a few lines on the back of the bill, folded it up, and handed it to the waiter. "Take that to the cashier."

The waiter leaned over the cashier's shoulder as he unfolded the paper. It read:

"I'll bet you five dollars that when you send this back you don't find me."

And they didn't—November Lip-pincott's.

A gentleman lying on his death-bed was questioned by his inconsolable prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there anything that would make you comfortable? Anything you ask for I'll get for you."

"Please, Bridget," he responded, "I think I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smelt 'aboin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget, "I'll give you a bit of that ham ye'll get for the wake."

"They say that Rome began to rot, And took the count, and went to pot 'Cause the gladiator kids 'Caved in each other's bloomin' lids, These same highbrows likewise opine That fighting bulls caused Spain's decline.

And when two genis pull off a scrap They stand upon their ears and yap And pull their whiskers out and shriek.

The Ship of State has sprung a leak."

"If I were but a mental coot I might try arguments refute. I'd make a bow, and tip my hat. And gracefully remind them that 'The fact that Caesar loved a scrap 'Was what put Rome upon the map; And Spanish slaves did Moorish wills, 'Till Spaniards learned to fight to kill, 'I'd hate to see this land all puzs, 'Or mortal genis, or baseball bugs; But some of each helps on the rest, 'Provided each bloke does his best. To those who say the fighter's worst I might remark: 'Tis also first, 'Because some ancient guy could fight

You owe the fact you're here to-night."

—Chicago Tribune.

The press-agent of Mary Garden, the grand opera singer, has all the fellows of his kind beaten by miles. Take the following from a New York paper of last week:—

"Is Mary Garden married?" That is the question which was asked by every one on the dock when the Kaiser Wilhelm II arrived with such a boat-load of opera singers and musical trunks.

"What a position for a married woman!"

"I am wearing a wedding ring," she said. "But I can't talk about the

man now. You must wait until he comes to carry me away to his mountains as seldom comes into this port on one single liner.

The reason for the question was obvious. Miss Garden was wearing a plain band of gold on the proper finger.

Miss Garden could answer no direct questions herself, but she was heard to remark while some newspaper photographers were taking her picture as she stood posed on top of a tall fastness, and then you must corner him and ask him how it was done."

Once during the conversation she asserted that she had married a poor man.

"Oh, indeed, yes, she exclaimed.

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All kinds of Heavy and Neat Blacksmith Work.

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NICHOLS BROS.

Phone 1111

"I never would marry a rich man."

There were rumors of a Magyar nobleman who was immensely wealthy, but these were quickly confirmed. She was met at the boat by any number of friends, including her father, in whose arms she remained for at least a full minute, while she kissed him with great fervor.

Afterward she held him at arms length and exclaimed: "I can't be handsome, my father?"

For heart interest, can you beat it?

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The most celebrated case of mistaken identity, probably, that has ever occurred, if not in Europe, at least in France, is that of Martin Guerre, brought before the Parliament of Toulouse in 1560. Its incidents are so extraordinary that many have deemed it a fictitious narrative. Martin Guerre had been absent from his home for the space of eight years. An adventurer named Arnaud Duille, who resembled him, formed the design of taking his place, and actually succeeded so far as to be received by the wife of Martin as her husband, and to take possession of his property. Children were born to this union, and he lived three years in the family with four sisters and two brothers-in-law of Martin without their suspecting his identity. It became, however, a subject of dispute. Several hundred witnesses were examined, and of these thirty or forty swore that he was the real Martin Guerre, and the same number that he was Arnaud Duille, while others deposed that the resemblance between the two men was so great that they could not decide whether the prisoner was an impostor or not. The perplexity of the judges on this occasion was very great; but in spite of many things that weakened his cause they were on the point of deciding in favor of Arnaud when the true Martin disclosed the deception.

It is certain that the power of unconscious observation is possessed by some individuals to a marked degree, and while these persons never forget a face, they are quite unable to explain their quickness or the means which enables them to reach a conclusion. The most astonishing examples of confident identification are found in books and the daily press, which often relate instances of individuals who were perfectly sure of the identity of another, but whose positive declarations were afterwards proved to be valueless by the appearance of the real person. Such a condition of affairs occurred in the Tichborne case; Arthur Orton was recognized, and his cause was championed not only by the mother of the real heir but by old friends and servants of Sir Roger Tichborne.

STARLAND

The programmes for the past week at Edmonton's leading Moving Picture House have been well up to the standard of the licensed films. First and foremost we must mention the excellent portrayal of Pocahontas, that ever popular drama of the Redman as he was depicted with deep feeling and set among the most beautiful of natural scenery. It is a marvel of cinematography. Another favorite was "Peg Woffington," the dramatization of Charles Read's famous novel. The story of the wonderful actress is one which will never die, being the biography of a noblewoman. For real life "With Bridges Burned" is one of the best films ever produced. It shows the smartness and endurance of a young American to make a living for his little bride. The lady in question has just as much "GUT" as her husband and the whole picture is bright and entertaining. Another story of the seamy side of life was portrayed under the title of "Human Hearts." It depicts only too clearly the trouble and heartbreaks caused by a discontented shallow mind, and is a moral lesson for all. The management have secured this year's Baseball championship series which will be exhibited very shortly.

Mrs. Freeman Stanley will receive on Wednesday next at her apartments, 24 Lemarchand, Mission.

MAKES THE OYS.

French Scientist Says Filtered Water Will Dispose of Virulent Typhoid Germs

Paris, Nov. 4.—A fortnight in filtered water, according to French scientists, will cleanse live oysters of the most virulent typhoid germs, and make them harmless without lessening their gastronomic qualities. The successful result of experiments was presented to the French academy of science at its meeting this week.

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THE DOG CATCHER NEEDS DISGUISE

New York, Nov. 4.—David Steinfeld, official dog catcher of Montclair, N.J., finds that he can catch no more dogs. These dogs have learned how

to know him when he is but a speck on the landscape. As soon as they see him creeping up stealthily they flee. So he asked Mayor Crawford whether Montclair will buy him a disguise dense enough to deceive some knowing dogs. The mayor has taken up the matter.

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STARLAND

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Friday and Saturday of this week.

The

Ranchman's Rival

This story is well told and there is a dash and go to the picture which can be imagined, but must be seen to be appreciated.

TRAVIS BARKER

The Exchange Mart

Will talk to readers of the News in this space hereafter